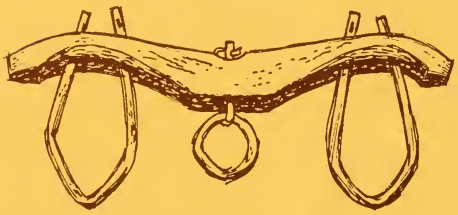
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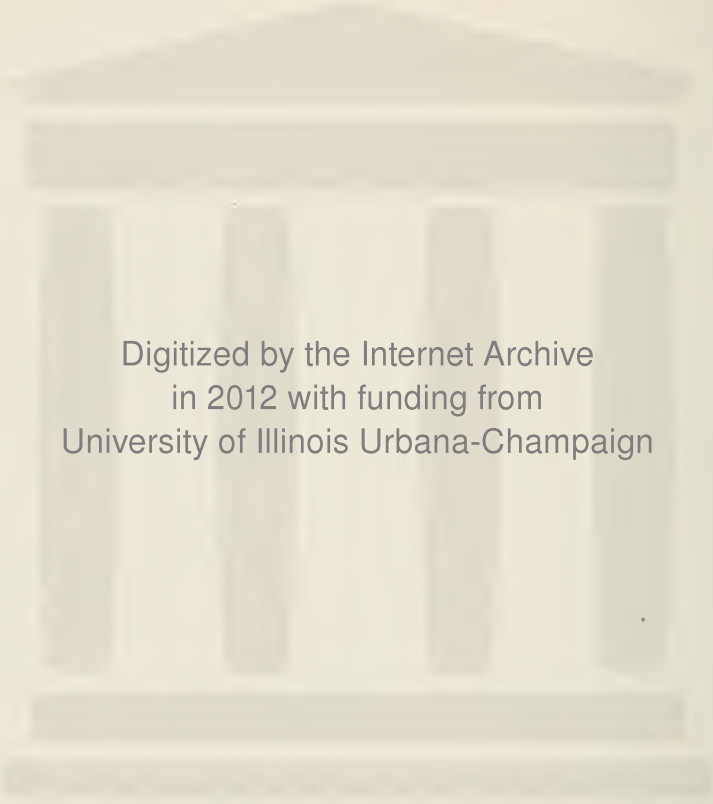
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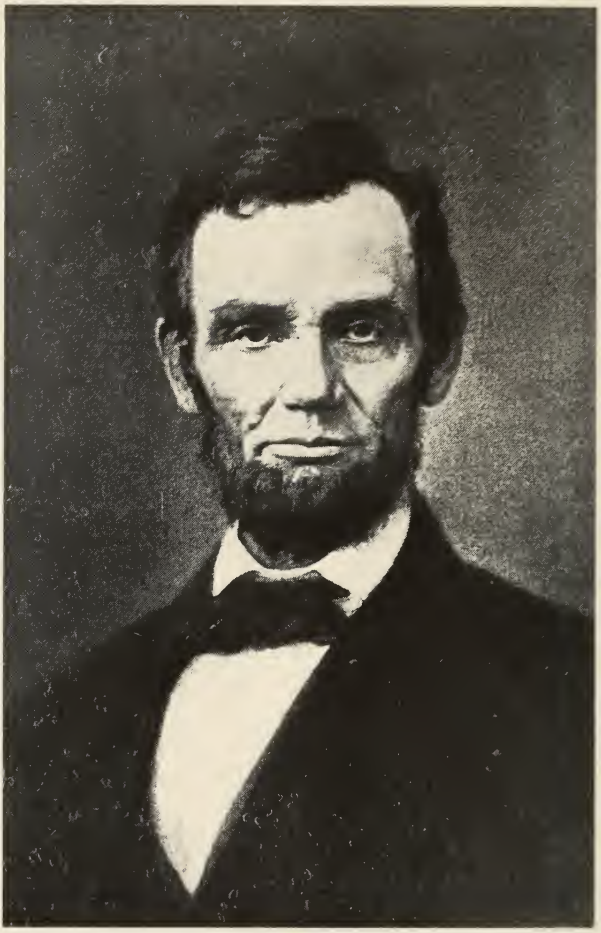
IN THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

By ELIZABETH K. VINCENT



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"America's Gentlest, Noblest Citizen"

In the Days of Lincoln

GIRLHOOD RECOLLECTIONS AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON DURING THE CIVIL WAR

By ELIZABETH K. VINCENT

With a FOREWORD *by* F. RAY RISDON

AND A VERBATIM ACCOUNT
OF THE
ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
AS PUBLISHED IN
The DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1865

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FOREWORD

WHAT A PRIVILEGE *it must have been to have lived in the days of Lincoln!*

Days of romance, joy, and sorrow; days of slavery, emancipation, freedom; days of secession, civil war, and union.

Days of service, sacrifice, and suffering; days of struggle, defeat, and victory; days of trial, turmoil, and tragedy.

Days of poets, preachers, prophets; days of patriots, statesmen, seers; days of giant men of deeds and vision, men of valor and of honor.

Truly, the heroic age of American life and history!

To have witnessed the stirring and epochal events through which our country was then passing—perhaps to have had a part in their shaping —was, indeed, a glorious privilege.

But a greater, rarer privilege must have been that of meeting, face to face, America's greatest, noblest citizen — Abraham Lincoln, — perfect product of our soil; lover of mankind, patriot; liberator, statesman, martyr!

Though that privilege was never mine, yet I have been most happy and truly blest in the cultivation of lasting friendships among the large and ever-growing legion of earnest men and women who love the name of Lincoln, and

some of whom, in days agone, enjoyed the blessed privilege of knowing personally, if not intimately, our First American.

Among the many friends of mine who have been life-long admirers of the immortal Lincoln, I delight to mention and honor Elizabeth Kipp Vincent, who, in her early teens, often saw this noble man and his family, and who, at my suggestion, has written out her recollections of girlhood days in Washington, in order that others might share with me her personal impressions of the Great Heart in the White House, and her reminiscences of life in the Nation's capital during the stirring sixties.

I know that her myriad friends and all Lincoln lovers will join with me in thanking Mrs. Vincent for putting into permanent form these interesting sketches which, after more than half a century, have all the color and the fragrance of those days that will ever remain a sacred memory, hallowed and sanctified by the passing years.

F. Ray Risdon

Los Angeles, California
February 1924

IN THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

IN THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

JUST "befo' de Wah" my family moved from New York State to Alexandria County, Virginia, settling in the neighborhood of Arlington, which was the estate of Robert E. Lee, then a colonel in the United States Army.

"In Secessia"

My father was one of three loyal men in that county who voted for Abraham Lincoln. Though the county contained few large slave-holding estates, intense feeling was engendered over the question of slavery. Even the poorer of the Southerners, who held no slaves, were greatly embittered against all who remained loyal to the Union. The bitter hate of some of the slave-holding neighbors had resulted in the murder of a Yankee schoolmaster in our vicinity. Because of the anti-slavery principles which my father had inherited from his Quaker ancestry, it soon became apparent that he was liable to receive the threatened coat of tar and feathers were he to remain longer in that community. The rising tide of rebellion threatening to overwhelm him, my father decided to take refuge in the City of Washington.

Our new home had just been completed; but the fine house, with the surrounding orchards and gardens just coming into bearing, had to be

abandoned. Loading a few goods and chattels on a farm wagon, the members of the family took a last look at the home, and joined the procession of Northerners moving toward Washington—most of them never to return.

Washington in '61

In the city all was movement and great excitement; feeling ran high, and reason remained in the background. The most ardent sympathizers with the South were moving out, and loyal folk were moving in. The majority of the old residents were rebels in sentiment, who did not hesitate to voice their sympathies until the presence of the United States Army put a check upon their rebellious utterances.

Washington, in the early sixties, was a mean and inferior city, with little promise of the beauty which now characterizes it. Laid out on a grand scale by Major L'Enfant, in the time of President Washington, it was yet scarcely more than a bare framework, stretching out its empty avenues for miles in every direction from the Capitol; having, on the east, the district called the Navy Yard, and Georgetown on the west, while the southern portion (at that time not a very reputable part of the city) was called "The Island," because formerly it had been cut off from the rest of the city by a canal.

The Capitol itself was not finished—and I can not recall that very much in the way of construction went on during the war, the surrounding grounds being strewn with the marble blocks destined later to complete that noble edifice.

The public buildings,—that is, the Capitol, the White House (then called the Executive Mansion), the Post Office, the Patent Office, and, in lesser degree, the War and Navy departments building,—were grand indeed, and worthy the Nation's capital; but the mile-long stretch from the Capitol to the White House was just a string of ordinary houses of one, two, or three stories, with a few second-rate hotels here and there.

The fashionable stores were Perry's Dry Goods Store, Galt's Jewelry Store, and Solomon's Book Store. A stage line was operated on Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Navy Yard to Georgetown, while dilapidated hacks with their negro coachmen served the remainder of the town.

Aside from Pennsylvania Avenue, few of the streets were paved. With the coming of the thousands of army wagons they soon became, in time of rain, veritable quagmires in which these lumbering vehicles sometimes stalled in spite of the four- or six-mule teams which drew them. Consequently, rubber boots were worn by most pedestrians,—ladies as well as gentlemen.

"In the Midst of War"

I remember the coming of the Northern troops, the first of them receiving temporary quarters in the rotunda of the Capitol. Soon the streets were filled with soldiers. Drilling by tens of thousands, they afterward marched away, across Long Bridge, to Virginia and other Southern fields of battle.

The Rhode Islanders were among the first to arrive from the North. It was a pastime for us to go up Seventh Street to their encampment to view the afternoon dress-parade of these favorites. Each newly-arrived regiment had its special uniform, often very striking,—such as that of the Zouaves,—which, however, was speedily changed for the uniform blue of the great army.

A line of forts surrounded the city, and, alas! a little later, a string of hospitals, also. These latter we visited, carrying to the sick and the wounded such delicacies as were at our command.

We were in the midst of war. It seemed that we lived years in as many days, and we grew old suddenly. News from the "front" was eagerly demanded. The cry of the newsboy was the signal for windows to go up at night—any time of the night—in response to his call.

The great and the near-great statesmen at the capital were having strenuous times. As one of the clerks of an important congressional committee lived at our house, we sometimes heard, through him, that such and such a Senator or Representative was going to make *his* great speech on the conduct of the war, our foreign relations, or the finances of the country,—the latter subject being a highly important one at that juncture. Forthwith we went, as visitors, to the Senate gallery, or to that of the House, as the case might have been, and there listened to speeches regarding events which have since become history.

"The Central Figure"

To us, the man in the White House, Abraham Lincoln, the great President, was the central figure in all those wonderfully interesting and intensely thrilling events. No matter if foreign diplomats were astonished at his western simplicity, or if Southerners sneered at "Old Abe" and his so-called "mudsill government," or if the would-be great tried to minify his real greatness, our respect and reverence for him never wavered.

We lived in the old "Chain House," semi-historic as having been, formerly, the residence of the French Minister, and, afterward, the headquarters of General Winfield Scott. This was just across the street from the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. P. D. Gurley was then pastor. Here the President and his family worshipped quite regularly. When his modest carriage drew up at the entrance to the church, a group of curious or admiring spectators awaited his arrival, and the church was invariably thronged. After his death, his pew was sacredly reserved.

I remember seeing him at the Anniversary of the Christian Commission, that great organization of noble, Christian men and women who did so much for the soldiers. I have forgotten the speakers, but the President was there and requested Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim," to sing a favorite hymn of Lincoln's, the opening line of which was: "If you can not on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet"— which was rendered most beautifully.

Meeting the President

I saw Lincoln again at a White House reception. In those days of republican simplicity, the President's "levee" was open to the public; and so my brother and I availed ourselves of the privilege of attending one of these functions, and joined the long line of folk to be presented.

Strange to relate, our Lady of the White House stood quite alone. She was dressed in white and, as in her favorite picture, wore a wreath of roses on her head, and carried a bouquet of flowers which were arranged compactly, as was the fashion in those days.

Finally my turn came to greet the Chief Executive,—a mountain man among his fellowmen!

As I put my hand into the hand of the great President and looked into his face, I caught the pathos there apparent and carried away the memory of that sad and beautiful, though homely, countenance—which remains with me to this day.

A Childish Exploit

Entering the East Room, where the guests usually collected before leaving, I was separated from my escort for a moment—and let me now confess to something which I have never told before!

Passing from room to room, until I came to the place where the President was standing, I shook hands with him the second time that evening! He was alone, and probably on the point of withdrawing; nevertheless, he bent

down his kindly face and greeted me as though he were not already extremely wearied by the shaking of so many hands.

Whatever made me do it, despite my natural timidity, I can not tell. A childish exploit, perhaps; but, even so, it must have been because I was so attracted by his winning personality, that I could not refrain from obeying the impulse to greet him again.

And this was the last time that I saw him, until I viewed his silent form lying in state in the Capitol.

The Capital in Mourning

On the night of Lincoln's assassination,—an unforgettable night!—a friend, who had been at Ford's Theatre, ran up to tell us that the President had been shot. The city was strangely silent, as though everyone were holding his own breath; the unionists with horror, the rebels through fear of reprisals. For once, the disloyalists were scared dumb.

Very soon, through the silence, came the sound of galloping guards, sent to the end of every street to intercept the murderers. The next day the sorrowing residents were busy draping, with heavy black, their homes and shops, the stores and public buildings. A very sad lot of folk we were. All Washington went into deep mourning.

On the day of the obsequies, thousands of people waited in an April rain to get an opportunity to enter the White House for a last look at the martyred President's face. After waiting

all day long, many were not able to gain entrance, and went away disappointed. Consequently, the catafalque was taken to the Capitol the following day, in order that the sorrowing multitudes might view "the silent dead." Here it was that I saw the form of the great President for the last time.

The Trial of the Conspirators

After the apprehension of the conspirators, I went to see the eight arraigned before the military tribunal at the Arsenal. Seated in a row, with their backs against the wall, they did not appear to be much concerned, and their individual personalities did not make any lasting impression on my memory. Mrs. Surratt's face I did not see; as a large soldier was posted directly in front of her, hiding her from my view. My friend and I did not stay to hear any of the proceedings; for we were glad to leave the place and get out again to fresh air and freedom.

Probably these eight were not more guilty than many in the same community who were not arrested. The spirit of bitter hate, which burned in the secessionists, was almost entirely lacking—at least it seemed so to my youthful mind—in the Federalist party, which was in the war from principle and not from passion. Yet even these "fire-eating secessionists" did not speak out in behalf of the prisoners, except in the case of the woman.

Pleasure Excursions

In those days, it seemed as though everybody went everywhere, and I, too, made several ex-

cursions to interesting points.

Among other sight-seeing trips, I went to the Navy Yard to see the famous Monitor of Ericcson and Captain Worden—the latter, by the way, being distantly connected with my family by marriage. Someone had called this odd craft "a cheese-box on an iron raft," but it was really a notable bit of iron which had wrought wonders for our cause.

Then, too, I had the privilege of going to Richmond, at the invitation of a cousin who lived in that city, very soon after the visit of President Lincoln. This beautiful city showed much of the awful effects of war. I can see yet the blackened ruins of buildings which had been fired by the retreating rebels.

While in Richmond, I looked down on Belle Isle, the scene of the terrible sufferings of thousands of starving and sick Union prisoners. I went to Libby prison, so lately tenanted by other hundreds of weary prisoners,—the place made memorable by Chaplain C. C. McCabe. Here I saw what, without doubt, it was not intended that I should see—a soldier being punished by hanging him up by the thumbs! After hearing Chaplain McCabe lecture, one could repeople that prison and re-enact the distressing scenes that took place there.

But what interested me most, of all that I saw and heard in Richmond, was my experience at the great negro church where "Uncle John" Vassar was talking to the black people. An indescribable impression, a wonderful emotion,

was created by the quiet talk of that holy man, that caused tears to flow in abundance. Here was the real and visible result of the years of strife, the black man now out of slavery and looking confidingly to the white man to be taught.

Among the Colored Folk

During reconstruction days, and even before, contraband negroes gathered by the thousands in Washington—a helpless but very manageable and orderly people. Barracks were put up by the Government for them to occupy, and schools and churches were opened for their benefit and use.

I had the pleasure of teaching a class of negro girls in the large Sunday school organized among these contrabands by that sincere Christian soldier, General O. O. Howard; but I have to confess, that, notwithstanding my interest in them, I was never able to tell which one was Blanche and which one Violet, in the row of dusky maidens who sat on the bench before me.

I attended the first Commencement at Howard University, an institution for colored youths, and marvelled at the learning exhibited by the big black fellows who there got their first taste of education.

The Return of Sherman's Army

The great day came when Sherman's army arrived from the South to be mustered out. That was a wonderful procession which passed up Pennsylvania Avenue to be reviewed by officials

of the Nation, who were assembled in the grandstand near the Executive Mansion.

These worn but happy veterans, in their ragged uniforms and with battered accouterments, bearing aloft with pride their tattered battle-flags and exhibiting their many mascots and trophies of war, were a most glorious spectacle! The Review was, indeed, a most thrilling sight to behold.

Seated upon his magnificent charger, General Sherman appeared to be quite thin and bronzed, and decidedly grim. A venturesome woman had succeeded in flinging a wreath of flowers around the neck of his horse. Perhaps that was one reason why the General appeared to be so stern! Needless to say, General Sherman, as well as each other notable leader present, received the ovation due him.

This was the climax and the finale of our terrible civil war.

Washington, After the War

Washington now began to take breath and to live its normal life once more. Civic affairs resumed their pre-war course. The poor, battered town gradually came into its own and began to fulfill the early promise of becoming "a city of magnificent distances," filled with stately residences and most imposing buildings, adorned with parks and fountains and memorial statues, and possessing all that goes to make a

fair and worthy seat for the Government of a great nation.

A Personal Tribute to Lincoln

Other great men may occupy the White House, and other Stantons and Sewards may sit in council in the Capitol of the Nation—but there will be no more Abraham Lincolns.

The man whom God raised up to carry the Nation through those perilous times never will be duplicated!

We do not need to idealize him; we have only to note his unswerving devotion to his high purpose under the most trying circumstances, and his simple fidelity to duty and to his ideals, to recognize that, indeed, he was a most unique and outstanding character,—not only a patriot, but truly God's man!

ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Contemporaneous Verbatim Account
of the

ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

omitting the associated press reports,
the war department's dispatches
and official bulletins

published in

The DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE,
Washington, D. C.

Saturday morning, April 15, 1865

(Vol. III, No. 140)

MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN
ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE SECRETARY OF STATE
MANNER OF ASSASSINATION

Safety of Other Members of the Cabinet
Description of the Assassin
The Police Investigation
The Surgeons' Latest Reports

The Scene at the Theatre

AT half past ten o'clock last night, in the front upper left-hand private box in Ford's Theatre, while the second scene of the third act of "Our American Cousin" was being played, a pistol was fired, and Abraham Lincoln shot through the neck and lower part of the head. A second after the shot was fired, a man vaulted over the baluster of the box, saying, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and, adding another sentence, which closed with the words, "revenge for the South," ran across the stage with a gleaming knife, double-edged and straight, in his right hand. The man was of middle stature, well-built, white-faced and beardless, save that he wore a black moustache. His hair and eyes were black.

The crowd ascended the stage; the actresses, pale beneath their rouge, ran wildly about. Miss Keene, whose benefit night it was, came forward, endeavoring to quiet the audience. Several gentlemen climbed to the box, and finally the audience were ordered out by some gentlemen.

Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathburn (*Rathbone*) were in the box with the President.

The Murderous Attempt at Secretary Seward's

The report of an assassination attempted upon Secretary Seward having reached this office, we set out for the Secretary's house, and there found that he too had been assaulted. We learned also that at ten o'clock, just as the man in charge of Lafayette Square called out that the gates were closed, a man made his way into Secretary Seward's house, representing that he was the bearer of a medicine prescribed by Surgeon General Barnes, and which he was ordered to deliver to Secretary Seward in person.

Pushing into the Secretary's room, he seized the old, suffering statesman with one hand, and cut him with a dagger-knife on both jaws, then turned and forced his way into the hall, where meeting with Frederick Seward, the Secretary's son, he attacked him, and inflicted three wounds with a dagger-knife (probably the same) on the young man's head, breast, and hand. He also attacked Major Clarence Seward, another son of the Secretary of State, and inflicted upon him several serious wounds.

The assassin then rushed out, mounted a bay horse, with light mane, and rode off, not at a gallop, but at what is called a "pace."

Doctors Barnes, Norris, and Nutson were soon in attendance, and did all in their power for the sufferers.

Secretary Seward was able to speak and swallow, but both caused him much pain, though none of the arteries of the throat were cut. The doctors all agreed that the Secretary was in no immediate danger of losing his life.

Secretaries Stanton and Welles, as soon as they learned the solemn news, repaired to the residence of Mr. Seward, and also to the bedside of the President.

This being all we could there ascertain, we went in search of the Vice President, and found he was safe in his appartments at the Kirkwood. We called at Chief Justice Chase's and learned there, that he too was safe. Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and Usher, as also Vice President Johnson, and other members of the Cabinet, were with the President.

Guards were found by us at the residences of Chief Justice Chase, Secretary Usher, Vice President Johnson, and Secretary Stanton, and we were gratified to be able to announce that all members of the Cabinet, save Mr. Seward, are unharmed.

Traces of the Assassin of the President

We then ascertained that the police were on the track of the President's assassin, and found that a variety of evidences, all pointing one way, would in all probability justify the arrest of a character well known throughout the cities of the United States. Evidence taken amid such excitement would, perhaps, not justify us in naming the suspected man, nor could it aid in his apprehension. A number of persons have

been arrested who, it is hoped, will be able to identify him. The assassin left behind him his hat, a spur, and a horror and gloom never equalled in this country.

The hat was picked up in the President's box; and, since we began this statement, has been identified by parties to whom it has been shown, and accurately described as the one belonging to the suspected man, by other parties not allowed to see it ere describing it.

The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as the one procured at a stable where the same man procured a horse in the evening. The horse so obtained was a dark bay, which was also the color of that mounted at the stage door of the theatre by the flying assassin. The horse, up to the hour of 2 A.M., had not been returned to the stable; has been seen riderless, with English saddle and plain stirrups, roaming the streets, but escaped from pursuit.

The Condition of the President

At 2:15 A.M., we hear that the wound of the President is very highly dangerous. The ball entered three inches below the left ear, and behind it a little, just beneath the base of the brain, took an upward direction, lodging in the brain, where it can be felt by the surgeons, but whence they cannot dislodge it.

An Attack Upon Secretary Stanton Thwarted

Two gentlemen who went to apprise the Secretary of War of the attack on Mr. Lincoln,

met, at the residence of the former, a man muffled in a cloak, who, when accosted by them, hastened away without a word. It had been the Secretary's intention to accompany Mr. Lincoln and occupy the same box, but pressing business prevented.

It, therefore, is evident, that the aim of the plotters was to paralyze the country by at once striking down the head, the heart, and the arm of the country.

General Grant arrived safely at Philadelphia.

The Popular Commotion

The whole city was moved. The crowds that poured through the streets gathered in numbers on the corners adjacent to the residences of the various members of the Cabinet; but the greatest and most excited gatherings were on E and Tenth streets, in the vicinity of Mr. Peterson's house, opposite Ford's Theatre, to which the President was removed. Mr. Lincoln was attended by Surgeons Hall, Stone, Ford, May, Leiberman, King, Surgeon General Barnes, Drs. Crane, Taft, Leale, Getz, McMillan, Abbott and Buckler.

They Have Slain Their Best Friend

Comment on this deed now were worse than useless, were it even possible to us with our present feelings. The perpetrators of the deed stand (we hope we are not profane) like Judas Iscariot—in this; that they have stricken down the Man who stood forth their best intercessor before the nation and the laws they had raised

their impious hands to slay by unprovoked rebellion. Their only shield, their truest, most forgiving friend, he who plead with his people to temper justice with mercy—him have they slain. And who can now tell the consequences?

Police Headquarters

No sooner had the dreadful event been announced in the street, than Superintendent Richards and his assistants were at work to discover the assassins. In a few moments the telegraph had aroused the whole police force of the city. Mayor Wallach, and several members of the city government were soon on the spot. Every measure of precaution was taken to preserve order in the city, and every street was patrolled. At the request of Mr. Richards, General Augur sent horses to mount the police. Every road out of Washington was picketed, and every possible avenue of escape thoroughly guarded. Steamboats about to depart down the Potomac were stopped.

As it is suspected that this conspiracy originated in Maryland, the telegraph flashed the mournful news to Baltimore, and all the cavalry was immediately put upon active duty. Every road was picketed, and every precaution taken to prevent the escape of the assassins.

A preliminary examination was made by Mr. Richards and his assistants. Several persons were called upon to testify, and the evidence, as elicited before an informal tribunal, and not under oath, was conclusive to this point: the murderer of President Lincoln was John Wilkes

Booth. His hat was found in the private box, and identified by several persons who had seen him within the last two days, and the spur which he dropped by accident, after he jumped to the stage, was identified as one of those which he obtained from the stable where he hired his horse.

This man Booth has played more than once at Ford's Theatre, and is, of course, acquainted with its exits and entrances, and the facility with which he escaped behind the scenes is easily understood. He is the son of Junius Brutus Booth, the renowned actor, and has, like one of his brothers, in vain attempted to gain a reputation on the stage. His father was an Englishman, and he was born in Baltimore. He has long been a man of intemperate habits and subject to temporary fits of great excitement. His capture is certain, but if he is true to his nature he will commit suicide, and thus appropriately end his career.

Further Items Respecting the Assassin

As everything that tends to throw light upon the matter is of interest, we think it well to add, that last evening a dark roan horse was hired at Thompson's stable, on the corner of E and Thirteenth streets, at about ten minutes after ten o'clock. The horse had a black English saddle and ordinary stirrups. The man who hired him was dressed in black, and was some five feet six inches in height. When asked when he would return, he said, "Probably in two hours, perhaps never." He wore a black moustache

and goatee. One of the stable boys followed him, but lost sight of him on Tenth street.

After hearing of the assassinations, the same stable boy rushed to the Navy yard, thinking to head the man and horse off, should he prove the criminal, but learned that the man and horse he described had passed over the bridge some time before; and being told that if he followed he would not be allowed back over the bridge, he followed no further, but returned.

It will be seen, by referring to another column, that General C. C. Augur, provost marshal of the Department of Washington, offers a reward of ten thousand dollars to the party or parties who will arrest the person or persons who assassinated the President, Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of the State, Mr. Seward, and his son.

The person who assassinated Secretary Seward left behind him a slouched hat and an old, rusty navy revolver. The chambers were broken loose from the barrel, as if done by striking. The loads were drawn from the chambers, one being but a rough piece of lead, and the others balls smaller than the chambers,—wrapped in paper, as if to keep them from falling out.

Assassination of President Lincoln, Secretary Wm. H. Seward, and Assistant Secretary F. W. Seward!

(an editorial)

It is with feelings of profound horror, sorrow, and indignation, that we are called upon to announce to the country one of the most terrible tragedies of which history affords an example. At about half-past ten o'clock last evening President Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre, in Tenth street, between E and F, while quietly looking at the performance, all unconscious of danger. He occupied, in company with Mrs. Lincoln, and her friend, Miss Harris, the private box in the second tier, on the right.

The location of the wound on the skull, which was inflicted by a pistol ball, shows clearly that the President sat at the moment with his face to the stage, and that he had no intimation of the approach of the monster traitor who has robbed the country of its most precious life. The ball entered about three inches from the opening of the left ear, in the cerebellum, or lower half of the head, and penetrated several inches into the brain. The President immediately fell forward, and the villain at the same moment leaped over the railing upon the stage. He fell to the floor, but rose, ran to the rear of the stage and disappeared, brandishing a large knife and exclaiming, "The South is avenged! *Sic semper tyrannis!*" The amazement and horror of the audience were so great as to destroy all presence of mind, and the wretch escaped for the time by the back door.

The President, in a completely unconscious condition, was after a few minutes removed to the opposite side of the street, and placed in the comfortable house of Mr. Peterson, No. 453. He occupies the neat little bed-room in the back building, first floor, where he must in a few hours breathe his last.

Every aid which surgical and medical skill could supply was immediately given, but to no purpose. It was our melancholy privilege to see the great and good heart of Abraham Lincoln slowly giving up its life-blood, his heart-broken wife kneeling by his bedside, which was surrounded by all the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, as well as by other distinguished friends. Among the latter were Senator Sumner, Speaker Colfax, General Augur, General Meigs, General Farnsworth, of the House of Representatives, and others.

Thus has the day which was set apart as a day of rejoicing been turned into a day of mourning by one of those astounding exhibitions of desperate wickedness of which history, at long intervals, has given examples. Language would fail us in the attempt to portray the mingled anguish, horror, and indignation which pervades this community.

But we may say, in brief, at this late hour that treason has culminated in crime in the murder of President Lincoln, and that since the 14th day of April, 1861, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, nothing has occurred so calculated to exasperate the loyal millions, and cause them to

demand vengeance upon the authors of the rebellion.

It is now five o'clock, as we write, and we find it indispensable to close these remarks with only a brief reference to the contemporaneous effort to murder Secretary Seward, and his son, F. W. Seward. It is not yet ascertained whether the murderous assault upon these gentlemen was made by the same desperate wretch who assassinated the President. It is probable, however, that there were confederates, and that other distinguished gentlemen only escaped by accident.

A strong suspicion was fixed upon J. Wilkes Booth, an inferior actor, and the son of the old tragedian of that name, as the murderer of the President. But for particulars we must refer the reader to our local columns.

P. S.—A letter found in Booth's trunk identifies him as the murderer.

CHRONICLE OFFICE,
April 15—6 A.M.

The President is still alive, but is sinking rapidly. He cannot survive much longer. No change in the condition of Mr. Seward.

SECOND EDITION.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS DEAD!

If tears had audible language, a shriek would go up from these States which would startle the world from its propriety.

Strong men use the impressive language of women—TEARS. Women bow their heads in the dust. Children sleep troubledly.

Words are at this time weak and vain. Let us all, with heart and voice, say that

"THIS GRAVE
SHALL HAVE A LIVING MONUMENT!"

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